

The **Quill**

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

WE'RE going to ask for a little help from those of you who may take the time to glance at this department from month to month. We like newspaper yarns, those choice bits taken from the daily routine that brighten the day. We pass along all those we find—and have been receiving valiant co-operation from many of you. But we'd like more and better yarns. Can we count on your help?

HERE'S one which came, as many of our best yarns have, from across the desk of our favorite columnist, and fellow associate in the Feature Department of the Detroit News, H. C. L. Jackson.

It has to do with William S. Knudsen, recently elected president of the giant General Motors Corp, and Boyd Simmons, the former "High School Chronicle" of Jackson's column, now a member of the News' staff.

A press conference was announced by representatives of the corporation's new head. The reporters assembled at the appointed hour and were shown into a room with one of those long, board-of-directors-looking tables. At the head of the table was a rather ornate chair. The older and more experienced reporters—by right of seniority or something—placed themselves as near the head of the table as possible.

Simmons, being one of the youngest men present and unknown to most of them, took his place quietly and unobtrusively, but none-the-less attentively, at the farthest point from the head of the table.

The door opened and in came genial, big-framed President Knudsen. Calling a hearty welcome to the newsmen, he sat down—not in the somewhat ornate chair at the head of the table but in a quite plain one at the very foot of the table. Which, of course, placed Mr. Simmons right at the presidential elbow!

Which all goes to show, we reckon, there's something to that quotation about the first being last and the last being first!

FOR the following yarn we are indebted to Burl Ely of International News Service. It shows the resource-

[Concluded on page 23]

Are Editorial Pages Worth the Trouble?

The First of Two Searching and Significant Surveys in the Sphere of Editorial Comment

By ROSCOE ELLARD

Editor, Editorial Page,
The Columbian Daily Missourian

IS my editorial page worth the space it takes and the money it costs?"

About once a month some publisher sends me half a dozen issues of his paper and asks that question. Four times out of five, any objective reader could glance at the makeup, examine two leading editorials, and know the answer.

The fifth paper needs this counter-question: "Do your readers know what you do to turn out this good a page? Do they understand enough about newspaper methods to know why your editorials could not reasonably be better? Is your promotion as intelligent as your comment?"

Four out of five editorial pages, I believe, are not worth reading; 19 out of 20 that are worth reading are not economically worth printing, because they are stupidly merchandised.

WHY not make up our minds whether we have an editorial page worth readers' time—and then either explain what can reasonably be expected of it, or quit spending money on it entirely?

Here, for instance are facts about newspaper policy—and the inevitable obstacles that hamper that policy—that it would be good business, it seems to me, to let readers know.

Editorial opinion frequently shapes its front under pressure. This results from predatory business, the prejudice of readers and publishers, and the demand for quick publication that hinders perspective and full information. Yet, editorial comment is as well-informed, as honest, as close to the "ultimate truth," as current comment from books or the educational rostrum; and good editorials are clear and interesting to far wider groups.

Little said of the Press in general, however, can be true. The Press in America consists of some 20,000 news-

papers and magazines¹; among them are the *Atlantic Monthly* and McFadden's *Liberty*, the *New York Times*, the *Chicago American*, and the *Podunk Center Bugle*. Comparatively few are controlled by Scripps or Gannett or Hearst, owners of the important metropolitan chains.² Of the American press, as of the American people, a few are excellent, some are good, some bad, some indifferent. Some merely manufacture printed goods for the market; others constitute intelligent, at times intellectual, factors in the march of commerce and industry. In printing views of current history, shaped with the furnace at full draft, a few editorial pages definitely partake of the nature of learned professions.

READERS need to know what goes on behind the scenes to read newspaper opinion critically. They should know how editors work. They should understand that frequently pressures come from advertisers, publishers, and organized groups of subscribers who try to restrain, sometimes to direct, both administrative editors and commentative writers.

Obviously, interpretation grows in value as living increases in complexity. Days of intense experience since 1929

¹ The 1936 Ayer directory lists 2,078 dailies, 10,541 weeklies, 353 semi-weeklies, 40 tri-weeklies, and 1,971 monthly magazines of general interest, and 2,676 trade journals. The total of 20,000 publications in the United States includes also approximately 4,000 magazines and newspapers devoted to special interests or otherwise classified because of unusual periodicity.

² A study in 1932 shows that 16 per cent of the dailies in the United States and 23 per cent of the Sunday papers were then "chain owned." But these figures include many short chains of very small dailies whose editorials are either filler or prepared with practically complete independence of "home office" ownership. Actually in America only the Hearst properties measure up to the extreme central control, range and power that the general reader visualizes when he sees the term "newspaper chain." It is not true that 38 per cent of our daily circulation are journalistic puppets whose every move results from fingers that wiggle in four or five unprincipled and dictatorial offices.

have sent millions of readers to the editorial page with mingled indignation and despair. The "tinder box" in Europe and the "powder keg" in Asia are so camouflaged by secret alliance, so buried under economic interdependence, that foreign news bewilders and frightens us.

Readers find it impossible to understand the front page without reading the editorial page. What Charles G. Ross brilliantly analyzed in the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* as "The Country's Plight," newspapers report daily in the esoteric vocabulary of economic seminars and of financiers. What journalists like John Gunther and Walter Duranty occasionally organize in narrowly circulated books as "Inside Europe," cable dispatches report with little background or integration. Our demand for news—for comparatively immediate accounts of particular instances in current history—makes unavoidable this kaleidoscopic effect.

When any good worker could choose between half a dozen jobs, the man on the street read of burglaries and a distant war in terms he could understand. He supposed the effect of foreign exchange was as remote from his pay envelope as Betelgeuse. Today he is out of a job and reads that "sudden tightening of the rediscount rate caused it." He feels an emotion that through history has caused private hatred and public war: loss of support, insecurity, personal fear.

So the reader goes to editorials to discover what it means so he can get to sleep at night. He turns to the editorial page to ease the physical weariness of mental confusion—and to articulate his indignation.

MAJOR news in our lifetime will never again be simple. The mind seeks order in the things that vitally concern it; and there is little order in a day's news. Editorial pages, therefore, are no longer caviar to the general: they are butter and eggs.

Readers need them; smart merchants of news deliver the best they can get, displayed attractively. Publishers today go into this market of comment with two extremes of editorial capacity, and varying degrees between them.

At one extreme, the understaffed newspaper expects one or two editorial writers to fill from two to three columns a day from six to seven days a week. Of 65 large dailies studied, 19 had one editorial writer; 25 had two; five had three; eight had four; seven had from five to seven working full time on from one and a half to never

more than two 17½-em columns. One paper reported that it had "one-half of an editorial writer," explaining that their Janus spent half his time at other duties. And there you have a pretty good index of newspaper editorial quality.

Of these 65 strong papers, 15 employ from four to seven men to write half a column or less of editorial comment a day. This affords a certain specialization, reasonable weighing of facts, and revised writing. Good editorials come from 90 per cent analysis and ten per cent composition; they never come from tired minds. On well-staffed editorial pages, cases before the Supreme Court, important bills before Congress, international crises, are studied for weeks before particular news occurs to make comment timely. Frequently an editorial writer spends from two days to a week preparing one editorial.

One large newspaper has an arrangement with three outstanding university specialists in government and economics. From these experts, the editor orders opinions by wire on particular problems in the news. An editorial writer uses this professional explanation as current research material. Since the academic language is changed and the data merged with other information, the editorial is published without allusion to the specialist or his institution. This affords the scholar more freedom and the reader more interest.

THE principal reason why the best editorial pages are worth reading is because their writers make a business of informing themselves about the background and integration of the news. Few editorial writers on important papers are under 40 years of age; most of them are between 50 and 60. Practically never does a newspaperman become an editorial writer until years of reporting have prepared him to interpret particular fields. Editors consider a knowledge of social science indispensable. Irving Brant, chief editorial writer of the *St. Louis Star-Times*, recently published a book on Money, another on the Constitution; scholars rank both as "brilliant and authentic." Commentators' contacts with important men and affairs help to give them a practical, un-academic view.

Editorial sources of information, besides including men in key positions, embrace newspaper reference libraries situated a few steps from the editorial desk. Journalists do not depend upon public libraries, because general collections of books cannot contain the current documents and

ROSCOE ELLARD, who has prepared two excellent articles on newspaper editorials and editorial policy for *The Quill*—the first of which appears in this issue—is a Missourian by birth, academic training and residence. Born in Kansas City, he holds three degrees from the University of Missouri and at present is editor of the editorial page of the *Columbia Daily Missourian* and professor of journalism at the University of Missouri.

He has worked on the staffs of the *Wisconsin News*, the *Beloit (Wis.) Daily News*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Associated Press* and the *Chicago Daily News*. He was head of the Lee School of Journalism at Washington and Lee University for five years before going to the University of Missouri in 1930.

He once owned an anti-LaFollette weekly newspaper in Wisconsin; has traveled around the world; has written "*Lee and Southern Journalism*," "*Walter Williams—1864-1935*," "*Literary Style in the Modern Newspaper*," and other material of journalistic nature.

constantly replenished clippings which daily publications require. The extent to which newspapers go to afford their writers reference material may be gleaned from the fact that the library of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* is appraised at \$2,000,000, that of the *Boston Globe* at \$1,000,000, and in newspaper sales of smaller papers, the reference departments have frequently been listed at more than \$500,000.

True, not all newspapers can afford this authenticity. I have described the best practice in order that a critical reader may know what he has a right to expect from strong journals—and what it costs to provide first-rate interpretation. Yet these methods are not unique, and they would be less nearly so if a larger proportion of the public acquired during school years the habit of reading competent editorials, the capacity for appreciating and the initiative of demanding them.

These procedures do show one way strong papers avoid the charge by Ralph P. Webster of the *Rochester (N. Y.) Times-Union*: "Editorials today are written upon too little investigation. Writers are forced to turn in copy before all the facts are out. The style is too heavy. There is too much iron-clad adherence to timeliness."

It is not essential—or possible—that editorials should reveal the "ultimate truth." No one knows the ultimate truth about current history; and truth is always truth from a point of view. What does matter is that editorials

should tersely, intelligibly, and as authentically as time permits, define and explain the news with the principal purpose of inducing large numbers to think—not to think occasionally but to think habitually, day after day, about the public affairs that surround them.

EEDITORIALS should not consist of unsupported opinion; they have substance only when specific data and logic are supplied. The best practice today is not to tell readers paternally what to think, but to give them light with which to see and stimulus to reflect. To accomplish this requires an unusual ability to make commentative writing widely interesting; and interest cannot be aroused without clarity and humanization. Editorial pages which circulate among hundreds of thousands of all sorts and conditions of men cannot be "confidential communications" comprehensible only to those possessing technical vocabularies and extensive background.

As Dr. Glenn Frank aptly phrased it, sound editorial method guards against "underestimating readers' intelligence and overestimating readers' information." Interpretative writing for large circulations fails to interpret when expressed in self-consciously learned terms; it interprets when readers understand its vernacular without surrounding themselves with an encyclopedia and the *Oxford English Dictionary*.

Negligibly few readers think algebraically. They do not see the depression as $A \text{ minus } B \text{ over } C \text{ equals } D \text{ minus } X$. They think of it this way: Smith mortgages his farm to pay a tenth down on each of three others, expecting to pay out with the corn crop. The corn crop fails, credit tightens, banks call for payment, and Smith is in an awful fix. So highly educated journalists write for a wide public in arithmetic imagery.

When the *Kansas City Star* in an editorial on the French war debts² explained their significance for Americans in terms of a wheat farmer's sharp dealing with his home town bank, thousands of readers understood the debt controversy for the first time. Danger lurks in analogy and editors watch it; but there is oblivion in abstraction which newspapers shun.

Take these opening sentences in an issue of the *Economic Forum*:

Debt contracted through the borrowing of savings restores most of the purchasing power equilibrium. Debt created by bank credit brings into being new

² May 20, 1936.

[Concluded on page 16]

How Does a Free Lance Work?



Detroit News Photo

Franklin M. Reck

Q. How do you get your ideas, Carl?

A. I don't know, Frank. They just come. From reading, a stray word, a suggestion from a friend. Sometimes my son Bill, medical student, will give some queer fact which evolves into a story. I have read most of the great writers of the weird; Wells, Blackwood, Doyle and Co. and often one of their ideas will get crossed with another and evolve a third.

Sometimes its a newspaper clipping; for instance, "The Man Who Was Frozen"—which, I hope, will one day be a long short, came from a newspaper account of a frozen body discovered in Norway—man was a couple of hundred years old. Why not 1000 years old? Why not bring him to life? We are now "freezing" dogs and bringing them to life. . . . Once I dreamed a story—believe it or not!

Q. Where do you check scientific fact?

A. Washington has more scientists

QUESTIONS

By FRANKLIN M. RECK

Managing Editor,
The American Boy-
Youth's Companion

ANSWERS

By CARL H. CLAUDY

Contributor of Fact and Fiction
to More Than 140 Magazines



Photo by Edmonston

Carl H. Claudy

to the square inch than any other bit of U. S. terrain. You can find out anything if you ask the right place. I know Smithsonian, Medical Museum, Bureau of Standards, Naval Observatory people. In the story of Alan and Ted going 20 miles underground, the steel wire, tensile strength, weight, etc., came from a Dean of Mechanical Engineering at the University (George Washington). I have a fair library; the Congressional Library gives me stack cards and withdrawal privileges. I use them.

Q. What time do you start work?

A. In the office at 8:45 daily, unless caught in a traffic jam. Usually quit at 5:45. Lunch, fifteen minutes, milk, sandwich, send out for it, swallow it whole, back on the job.

Q. Where do you work?

A. Office, 403-4-5 McLachlen Bldg., Washington, D. C. Been there since 1911.

Q. How long do you work?

A. On stories, until I play out. Usually that is after 2,000 words. I have written 5,000 in a day (and sold it!) but you can't keep it up—I can't, anyhow. Six or seven typewritten pages, edited and "pieced," is a fair day's writing. Of course the actual writing is the least of it; getting the

idea, developing it, expanding it, laying it out, considering drama, climax, suspense, and how to work them in to the story is three-fourths of the job. Especially is this so in a continued story, which must have every installment end on a breathless note.

Q. Do you like to work?

A. Love it. But I'd rather have a tooth filled or take a licking than start a new story. Once started, I can't let it alone; it won't let me alone. But Gosh! How I hate to plunge in! This is a commonplace for all writer folk, I find.

Q. Do you finish as you start, or revise?

A. Revise, and how! My ms. is the despair of my secretary. I scrawl all over it. I block out, interline, change. I "piece" it—write a new paragraph, sentence, page, cut the old page, insert the new with gummed tape, con-

[Concluded on page 21]

HERE'S your chance to get the low-down on various phases of free-lancing from perhaps the country's outstanding free-lance, Carl H. Claudy, who never overlooks an opportunity to turn out salable copy for some magazine. Born in Washington, D. C., he was a prospector in Alaska at 19 and achieved adventure aplenty. His first published story was a ghost yarn in the Washington Post. His first "big" sale, a story to the American Boy magazine. He wrote 16 others before he made another sale. He tried his hand at newspaper reporting; sold a story or two; became first assistant and then editor of a small, mechanical-scientific sheet. In 1904 decided he had "learned to write" and became a free lance. Has been at it ever since except for two years as a New York Herald reporter. Now specializes in fantastic, pseudo-science stories—but never passes up a story anywhere. Franklin M. Reck, who interviewed him for this article, has won a place in the foremost ranks of writers of stories for boys. He is a past national president of Sigma Delta Chi.

An Old-Timer Drops a Sneer

Can't Help a-Wondering
What Young America
Is Fixing t' Be

By CHET SHAFER

THREE RIVERS, Mich., April 29. —Will Jacobs was sitting on the low step to the stairway leading up to where Lizzie Rohrer lives—(over the Cigar Store)—and the low step made his knees come pretty high and he rested a wrist on each knee, with his hands sort of lopping down, and said he didn't know what the present generation of young Americans was coming to.

"There goes one now," said Will, indicating with his finger but not raising his hand, "what do you s'pose he's fixin' t' be?"

The young American was carrying a slide trombone in a case.

Will asked contemptuously:

"What d' yuh s'pose he'd do on a farm if you told him t' rig a plow an' start plowin'?"

Will sniffed. "Or start him a-cultivat'n' corn!"

Will said he wouldn't know a spike-tooth drag from a stoneboat—and about the only piece of farm equipment he'd be familiar with would be the dinner bell.

NOW, WHEN WILL WAS!!—

When Will was 11 years old—(he's 77 now)—he milked seven or eight cows night and morning.

"An' you was up at peek-o-day t' do that," he said.

Nowadays, Will said, all the young man thinks about is to become a radio star—and owl-hooting around nights in his father's automobile. He said he married Nellie—that's his wife—55 years ago and her mother, Grandma Munsell, would be 94 years old next July.

"An' you ought t' see her piece a quilt," Will said.

FROM PHILISOPHY TO SNAKES

He said they had five generations in their family and thought nothing of it when other families with four had their pictures taken and put in the paper.

Another tall youth passed.

"I'd just like t' see what that geek'd do on a short-handled pitchfork in a barnyard," Will said.

The sun was shining. It was warm. Will got up a bit stiffly. He pulled a handkerchief and wiped back his cookie-duster mustache—a mustache that probably has a wider sweep and a better droop than any other around here. Then he said:

"It won't take much of this kind a weather t' bring out th' snakes."

And he went on down street.

The Sage Of Three Rivers

Introducing the Prop'r of the City News Bureau
Whose "Items and Pieces" Have Wide Following

By GEORGE W. STARK

Editorial Staff, the Detroit News

FOR upwards of three years now, the City News Bureau of Three Rivers, Mich., has functioned to the great glory of its astounding proprietor, Mr. Chet Shafer, and the bemusement of the humble habitants of that community.

The world outside Three Rivers has viewed its editorial emanations with mixed emotions. Amazement and amusement have followed the trail of Shafer's nimble pen, but nothing that he has ever sent out of his bureau has, to our knowledge, been viewed with alarm, even though it has been commented on by learned editorial writers in various metropoli.

In fact, a leading Chicago journal gravely observed not long ago that the fevered dispatches from Washington, Berlin, Paris, Madrid, Rome and other nerve centers of news mattered not so much. "After all," the newspaper archly observed, "the real important news of the times is coming out of Three Rivers, Mich."

WELL, Mr. Shafer, who is perhaps best known nationally because he is

the founder and the Grand Diapason of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, may not have had any particular point in all his quaint shenanigans, but he has at least proved something, in addition to putting Three Rivers on the map of the world.

He has demonstrated to his brothers of the craft that there is a substantial journalistic living to be made in towns the size and character of Three Rivers. Of course, not many of us could do what Mr. Shafer has done, because not many of us have Mr. Shafer's rural background or his native wit, a sly but gentle humor that enables him to look at the life and people about him with sympathy and understanding.

Shafer has celebrated the people of Three Rivers in the big city papers (his dispatches are generously circulated about the country) to their utter confusion. They cannot understand who in Detroit or Chicago would be the least interested in the goings-on of the late Fred Rohrer, proprietor of the cigar store; or of Max Houghtaling, who puts up ice; or of Mat Van Scooter, the one-ton trucker. This



—Detroit News' Photo

A Couple of Real Pals

LIKABLE George Stark, shown with his daughter, Alison, is a native Detroit. He went briefly to the University of Michigan, where, he says, the only thing he learned was that he couldn't make the grade as a member of the staff of the Michigan Daily. After working on the Detroit Free Press, the St. Louis Republic and the Detroit Times, he joined the Detroit News' staff in 1912. He has covered about every conceivable type of story since, besides being city editor for four years and drama critic for several more. His service on The News was broken for about four years when he edited the swank D. A. C. (Detroit Athletic Club) News. Then came the depression and he returned to the city room of The News where he found a hearty welcome.

THE QUILL for May, 1937



—Detroit News' Photo

Where Sage Shafer Prepares His Daily Dispatches

genius for getting them metropolitan publicity sets Shafer as a man apart. The Three Rivers people pretend to a complete indifference to Shafer's writings, but they know and so does Shafer that this is just a pose. In their hearts they are greatly pleased. They've been made important in the eyes of the city folks.

Nothing of the sort has been done in publicizing American life, unless you want to make an exception of Eggar Lee Masters' "Spoon River Anthology." But Shafer's observations are never hard nor bitter. He portrays small community life at its even gait. He glorifies the commonplace in homely phrase savored with the salty humor of the back country. He not only has a good time doing it, but he makes it pay him well.

SHAFER is the rare example of the newspaperman who has tasted the excitements of reporting the urban life and then returned to the quiet rural scene. The emotional aspect of big city reporting somehow passed him by. He was content to return to the old

home and Three Rivers was glad to have him. And Shafer is a pioneer in his peculiar field. Nobody, not even Will Rogers nor Kin Hubbard, has written quite like this before. It is doubtful if Shafer will have any successful imitators.

Note the headless wooden Indian lurking on the sidelines.

He says he started the Three Rivers City News Bureau in a fit of pique. He had been in New York City and he got the idea that he wanted to write a book entitled "The Old Home Town." Instead, he spent six months writing a book called "The Old Livery Stable." The manuscript was rejected in two weeks. Shafer thought the publishers were a bit slow, so he decided on a Rapid Rejection Contest among New York publishers to see if the record couldn't be bettered—entrants to pay postage on the manuscript both ways. Simon and Schus-

ter's editor, Cliff Fadiman, was the only one to reject the offer with a courteous note, saying the contest, while not without merit, was not suitable to their needs.

That made Shafer pretty mad, so he went uptown to the telegraph office in Three Rivers and sent out this telegram (collect) to the *Detroit News* and the *Chicago Daily News*:

THREE RIVERS, MICH., Feb. 22, 1934—Max Houghtaling, who puts up the ice for Mrs. Dunning, who owns the icehouse up on the old Hoffman Millpond, has finished putting up the ice for this year. The ice he put up this year isn't quite as thick as the ice he put up in the five or six years that he has been putting up ice for Mrs. Dunning, but it is a lot clearer. Max will sell his ice next summer for lake ice.

Oddly enough, the piece caught on in both papers and Three Rivers found itself in a fair way to becoming dramatized. And the dramatization has been in progress ever since.

[Concluded on page 18]

If You're Looking for Feature Stories—

EVERY editor now and then scratches his head and tries to plan little local features which will give his readers something different and unique—stories which are off the beaten path.

Since the average editor of the small town newspaper must keep one eye on the advertising lineage, another on the circulation figures and use his ears to listen to the cash register, he usually doesn't have the time for the extra work and digging which good features demand.

An editor may run state and national features galore, good art from syndicates and a comic section which would make the Sphinx smile, but if he doesn't carry bright local features from time to time he is missing the bull's-eye of reader interest.

Most news men manage to cover all of the routine events which happen in their respective communities, but so few put a little "plus" in the local items.

FROM time to time I have tried to keep a record of some of the local features which might be used by practically any newspaper. Some of them are original while many were observed in publications which came through the exchange list.

So here they are for what they are worth:

What do prisoners do when they are in jail? What are the restrictions placed on them? An eastern newspaper recently ran a story which told of some of the queer "hobbies" pursued by prisoners in the local jail.

Back behind some dust and spider webs in your office you'll probably find a lot of cuts of churches, schools, business buildings and folks who were in the news "way back when." You might dust them off, group them into weekly layouts for a month's series and rehash some of the original copy which ran with them. Or let us say if you have an old cut of one of the early churches in your town you might contact several old-timers and work up some sort of historical feature.

Who owned the first automobile in your town? What were the circumstances surrounding its first public appearance? After you have run the first story others may "dispute" the honor and you can run a series on the first gasoline buggies.

How well do your readers know the history of their town? In almost every

By **STEWART HARRAL**

Instructor in Journalism,
University of Oklahoma

locality, particularly in Oklahoma, there are interesting historical places and stories that are known only to a few. With the co-operation of some of the pioneer residents an interesting set of articles might be written that would please a great many readers.

Interview the school or city librarian to get a line on her most interesting customers. What busy housewife read the most books last year? Have the movies reduced library circulation?

Have the time-honored children's books, such as "Huckleberry Finn," "Treasure Island" and others suffered a loss in popularity in recent years, like so many other old-time favorites? Your librarian should be able to give you an interesting story on what the modern youngsters are reading.

NOT so many years ago the barber-shops were for men only but that custom slipped out like the use of individual shaving mugs. How do the barbers of your town make conversation with women customers?

What did your city churches do last year? How many new members were added? Pastors in the different denominations should be able to tell you and the story would make a good feature for the church page.

How about making a night-owl out of a reporter some evening and letting him wander about town getting material for a story on the people who work while most citizens sleep?

A reporter on the *Cleveland Press* once figured out that birth, marriage, divorce and death constitute the four most dramatic moments of a man's life.

TIPS for those local feature stories that will do so much to brighten up your paper are contained in this helpful article.

Written by Stewart Harral, instructor in Journalism at the University of Oklahoma, it was taken from the columns of the *Sooner State Press*.

The reporter consulted the statistics and wrote a story showing that there was a birth in the city every 26 minutes; a divorce every three hours; a marriage every 46 minutes, and a death every 45 minutes. It made a most readable story. Other newspapers have the same plan except to exclude the divorce angle.

NOW many different kinds of licenses does your city have for sale? Once a reporter on the *Milwaukee Journal* worked up this kind of story and found that 75 different licenses were on sale at various city and county departments.

If the court house in your town is fairly old you might run a story on the contents of the cornerstone.

Who is the oldest tailor in your city? What does he have to say about the changes in styles?

What stories do the old, worn-out registers of your oldest hotel tell? What prominent persons visited in your community 25, 35 or 50 years ago?

Are there any old cobblers who still use hog bristles for thread, and wooden pegs, an awl and hammer? Comment from such a cobbler upon the change in shoe styles, and in the quality of leather used in the manufacture of shoes today should make a good story. Also, some shoe repair men claim they can judge a person's character from the way the person wears his shoes.

ARMY and navy recruiting stations have news possibilities, sometimes overlooked by reporters. Many recruiting officers have "been places and seen things." They can tell some interesting yarns of their experiences which may be shaped into feature stories. Also human interest stories may be woven around the men who apply for enlistment.

Every town has persons who collect certain objects as a hobby. An Oklahoma daily once used this idea and ran an interesting story about a man who had collected match boxes from all over the world.

Who is the oldest teacher in your city system? An interview with that person on the changes in the system, buildings and equipment would be of great interest.

Why don't men enjoy shopping as much as women? What are the stores in your town doing to attract men

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Mary Lowe

SCALLIONS of the rankest variety to all of you who have been having a laugh at us small-town correspondents.

Particularly to those chronic sufferers from newspaperitis, Messrs. Craw-check and Leighty, for their gross unfairness, not to say lack of gallantry. Their painfully expressed weariness at the alleged incompetence of small-town newspaper correspondents in the November and December issues of *THE QUILL* reminded me of a couple of old women screeching that the harmless antics of their children will drive them "cr-a-zeee."

And like the unreasonable screaming old hens, it perhaps never occurred to the aforementioned pair—State Editors, indeed—that small-town scribes, too, may suffer occasionally from the newspaper jitters.

WITHOUT experiencing the least twinge of conscience, I can assert that a small-town scribe comes closer to earning the few dollars tossed his way by unappreciative publishers than does the all-wise State Editor, whose buffer he is compelled to be.

For two years I have been a newspaper correspondent in a village of 1,500 inhabitants. These people know me and I know them. It's the fact of our mutual acquaintance that gives rise to my major premise—to-wit, riding herd on 1,500 unreasonable, decidedly cantakerous and inflated egos is often as disgustingly wearisome as ye long-suffering State Editor's chore of keeping track of his correspondents, for whose identity he has only himself to blame.

For every significant story that reaches my pen, I, too, am compelled to languish in the unparalleled misery

So I Say "Phooey"

This Small Town Scribe Sends Scallions to Those State Eds

By MARY LOWE

of soul-burning personal piffle, about which I couldn't conceivably give a whoop. If a correspondent wants to get the low-down from these people when they have the inside track of a story of some importance, however, he or she must be willing to listen enraptured while Mrs. Esmerelda Spiegelbesen tells of her wash-day worries (in an atmosphere of boiling sauerkraut, turnips and sundry wash-day odors). There are the adenoids of Mrs. Spiegelbesen's litter, her varicose veins, and the wretched fact that her husband is two days overdue with his pay envelope.

She will wind up an hour's conversation by saying: "Well, yes, there is something. We went to Mom's Sunday. Now, get that in the paper, but don't let it get near that stuff about Mrs. Carma Kittchencuff. I don't want my name near hers, since her husband's been working nights—haven't you heard?"

NOW, these people never think of a newspaper or a newspaper office until they have a chance to pat themselves on the back—or until they have something to crab about. If the Jones family reunion isn't given more play in the newspaper than a gathering of the Hapsburg family in Austria would get, every Jones in town assumes an attitude of a wronged citizen.

When all the Jones' clan quits taking the paper because the State Editor

tossed into the wastebasket a story about the oldest Jones present at the affair being an ex-pugilist who once went 10 rounds with Packy McFarlen, the State Editor goes into a huddle with himself and tells the boss the subscriptions are falling off because that fat-headed correspondent let the "Rival Sheet" beat us on a humorous slant to a fire story.

Whereupon the correspondent (who has been warned against literary affectations—against trying to get flip with a story) becomes a shiftless tid-bit writer. The State Editor doesn't choose to tell the boss that the humorous angle on the fire was so well played up because the State Editor of the "Rival Sheet" wasn't too shiftless to get out of bed at midnight and go personally to the fire.

IF any State Editor thinks listening to a gang of small-town gossips and small-fry politicians patting themselves on the back—then listening to them moan because the gossip and back-patting didn't appear in the paper—is pleasure, let him try it for himself for a space.

When the whispering choir of Bee Creek Gospel Center scores an 18-point top-bank headline, and a similar group at the Church of the Nazarene, whose pastor terms himself "the very Reverend A. U. Pewterball Hammerstein, is knocked down to a bold-face

[Concluded on page 20]

IT'S long been understood that it's always the lady who has the last word—so it seems entirely fitting that *The Quill* conclude its battle-of-the-century between the state editors and the rural scribes with a feminine flare-up from the pen of Miss Mary Lowe, of Hartford, Ill., for two and a half years a correspondent for a newspaper of about 15,000 circulation. When she isn't gathering items for the paper Miss Lowe is collector and book-keeper for the municipal water works system in Hartford. We hope, and believe, that this series has made state editors and their correspondents more aware of the problems of each. It was a swell scrap while it lasted!

Hell Broke Loose in the Sky!



—Acme Photo

Bill Springfield

Fifteen years of hazardous picture-making assignments have fitted Bill Springfield for any emergency. He's always ready—as he demonstrated so ably at Lakehurst.

COLD slanting rain splattered across the lens of Bill Springfield's camera as he settled down to wait for the mooring of the giant zeppelin Hindenburg.

Routine assignment this, shooting the big ship on her first trip of the season. Celebrities. Few stray shots for the morgue. And, of course, protection just in case. . . . He turned up his collar, sauntered away from the rambling hangar.

Down the coast he could see her now, majestic silver sky ship, outlined sharply against a scudding bank of black clouds. She was scheduled to come in at the Lakehurst air base at 6:00 p. m., but the storm had held her off.

Finally she turned back. Rain was still falling and the clouds now hung lower over the reservation. On through the semi-darkness the great ship came, slowed down, maneuvered for her contact with the mooring mast. Running out through the rain, the ground crew took their stations.

A landing line slipped down from the Hindenburg's nose, then a second. She was under control. The wind shifted slightly. Bill Springfield poised his camera for his first shot. . . .

WHAT happened in the stunning flash of that next second is one of the greatest news-picture stories of all time. The Hindenburg had exploded.

And Bill Springfield, Ace Cameraman, Put in 32 Straight Hours of Shooting

By PAUL FRIGGENS

N. E. A. Service Staff Correspondent

Shattered, a flaming hell, she crashed to earth. Like a colossal horror film, the searing tragedy unfolded. In a few minutes it was over. And Bill Springfield's camera had caught it all!

This is the dramatic story, Springfield, veteran Acme-N. E. A. Service staff photographer, tells of his most trying assignment:

"I was about 200 yards away from the mooring mast and had my camera set to make my first shot when all of a sudden, out of nowhere, there came a dull rumble and flames leaped out from the rear of the ship just forward of the tail fin. At the moment of the explosion a wave of heat struck me in the face. It sort of rocked me on my feet, but naturally, I started taking pictures.

"Instinctively I got my first shot, and then my second as she buckled in the middle. When she was about 50 feet from the ground the bow burst into flames. She dropped very slowly, 300 feet maybe in three or four minutes, and settled on her mid-section. Then, with the whole bag afire, for the first time we heard screams from inside the ship. On the ground behind me a woman was screaming, 'Daddy! Daddy!'

"I ran forward as fast as I could. I was greeted by figures walking toward me in a daze. They were terrible to

see. Their clothes were burned off. Their bodies were burned. Their eyebrows were gone. Their faces seemed to be yellow-tinted by the action of the hydrogen fire.

"I moved in to a circle of fire-fighters, trained crews from the naval reservation with small emergency fire apparatus. They were in there at the risk of their lives. Naval officers rushed forward and pulled us back. We had been close to one of the motors and its oil supply suddenly exploded.

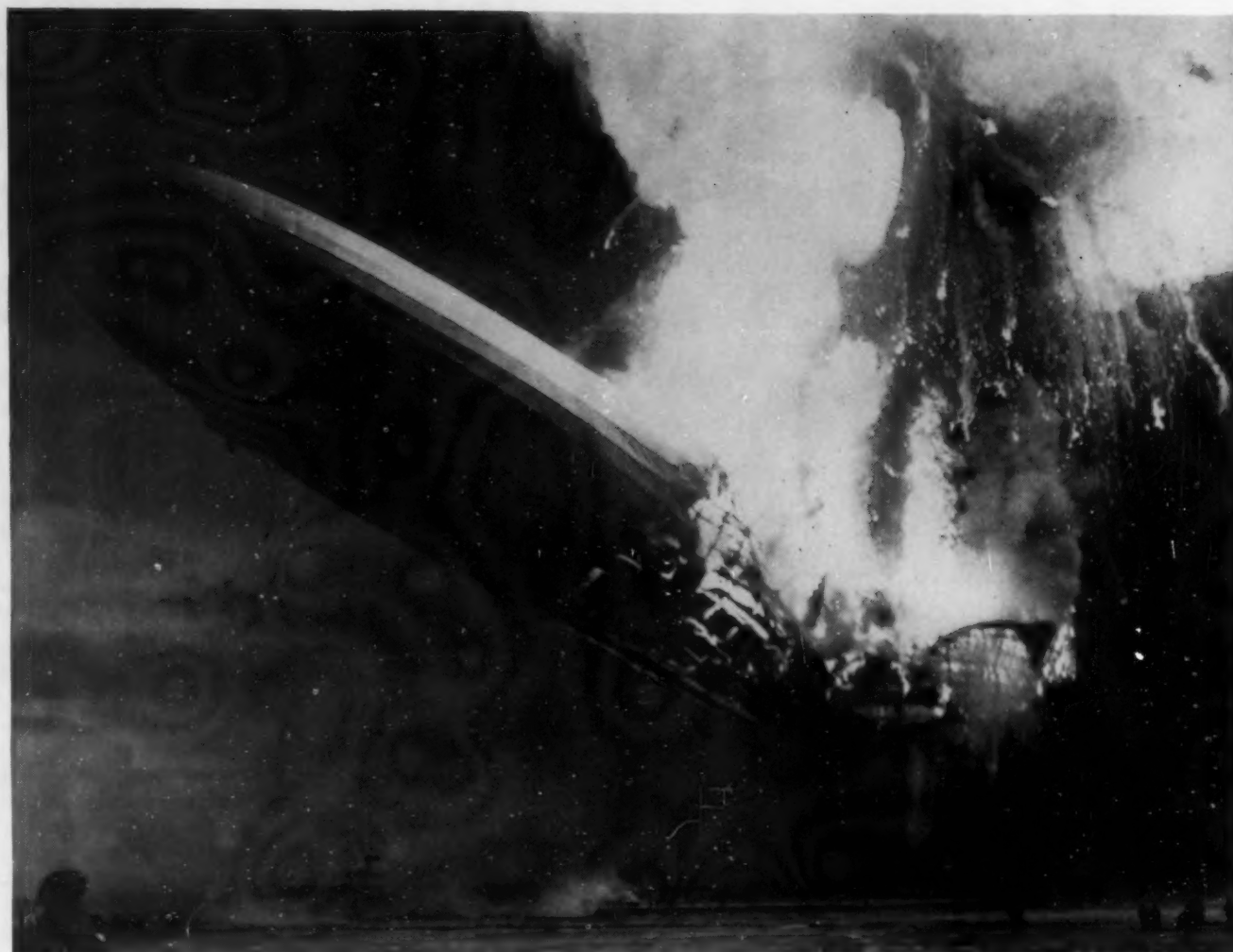
"The sights were horrible. Dead bodies were all around. They lay on the circular track which surrounds the mooring mast. Some had their arms stretched out as if in a gesture of prayer. The whole thing was a nightmare. I just kept on taking pictures. Terrible as it was, it was a perfect set-up for cameramen.

"We didn't think of the risk to our own lives. The navy men were in there regardless, working to rescue survivors. We naturally went in ourselves. And we kept on taking pictures to the end."

SOME 77 minutes later those pictures lay on the New York desks of Acme and N. E. A. Service, Inc., probably the most spectacular news pictures ever made. A few minutes more and they were flashing across the nation

HERE is the dramatic story of the way in which one of America's ace cameramen covered the Hindenburg disaster—the sights that met his eyes and the lens of his camera—something of the years of experience that made him the right man to be on the spot handling the assignment. It is a remarkable story of a remarkable piece of picture-getting.

Paul Friggens, N. E. A. staff correspondent who made it possible for The Quill to present this stirring account of Bill Springfield and his work, is no stranger to readers of the magazine. He has contributed a series of excellent articles, ranging from his experiences as a young college graduate who set up his own news service, when he couldn't find a job anywhere else, to interesting articles concerning his fellow staff members of N. E. A. We hope to have him back again soon!



—Acme Photo. Copyright 1937

One of the Greatest News Shots of All Time!

This is one of the remarkable photographs made by veteran Bill Springfield as the flaming Hindenburg fell from the skies.

via Acme Telephoto and airmail to hundreds of client newspapers. Cameraman Springfield had run a half mile through the mud and rain after that last shot to dispatch his pictures by fastest plane to New York. He had scored one of the great picture triumphs of all time.

It was 32 hours after that holocaust when "Springy" finally laid down his camera and surrendered to a long sleep. Following close on the heels of those first magnificent, though tragic photos, Springfield turned out an amazing sequence of pictures to round out the story. Fire-seared victims, the drama of rescue work, hospital scenes, and finally, hours later, the cold, charred skeleton of the Hindenburg itself were portrayed in those shots. Never was "30" written after a greater piece of newspapering than that.

And the next day, after editors from coast to coast had received those remarkable pictures and had splashed them for the full space across page one, the telegrams began to pour in. Wired

Grafton S. Wilcox, m. e. of the New York *Herald Tribune*:

"A great job. Laying down the pictures of that burning airship on the *Herald Tribune* desk that night was a real achievement. The picture which the *Herald-Tribune* used on the first page in later editions, the burning airship in mid-air, clearly showing the explosion, was one of the best news-pictures I have ever seen."

Said A. C. Bartlett of the *Houston Press*: "Biggest picture scoop of the year." *Pittsburgh Press*: "One of the best picture jobs of all times. Springfield's shots were magnificent." And so it went.

THERE is another story behind this great picture feat, one of the best of all time. That is the story of 37-year-old William B. Springfield's life as a cameraman.

Because "Springy" is a veteran of many air adventures, he was sent from Philadelphia, where he is Acme-N. E. A. bureau manager, to Lakehurst to cover the landing of the Hindenburg.

The coolness and daring developed in 15 years of hazardous flying for pictures stood Springfield in good stead in getting the record which his camera made of the catastrophe.

Oddly enough one of "Springy's" first thrilling air experiences grew out of a zeppelin trip. That was the epochal flight of the Graf Zeppelin to America in 1928. In a plane, chartered by N. E. A., Springfield met the giant dreadnaught in the air just before it passed over Philadelphia. He took several pictures and flew alongside the great ship to New York.

"Springy's" photograph of the zeppelin, taken just as it headed up Manhattan Island and showing Battery Park and the lower Broadway skyscrapers with the East and North rivers visible in the distance, was the outstanding newspicture taken at the time of the dirigible's arrival.

After taking the picture, Springfield's pilot landed at Newark, N. J., airport and his plates were rushed to N. E. A.'s New York office for dis-

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Peace Time Heroes

This bronze plaque bears the names of the special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation whose lives have been lost in line of duty.

THE criminal hates and loves publicity. Likewise, he hates and loves secrecy. Both serve his purpose in seeking to defeat the law and both can be the factors which will bring him his just punishment. Therefore, the newspaper has a great responsibility in the handling of news concerning crime, which, directly or indirectly, casts its menacing shadow over every home into which the newspaper goes.

There is no more sinister force in the United States than that of the 4,300,000 persons who are engaged by day and by night in the commission of felonies which proceed at the rate of one every 24 seconds. Last year, it is estimated that 1,333,526 major crimes were committed in our country—a murder or

The Role of the Press in

By J. EDGAR HOOVER

Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation
United States Department of Justice

manslaughter every 40 minutes—a robbery every 10 minutes—a burglary every two minutes—a case of larceny every 44 seconds! And the annual crime bill of the nation is estimated at fifteen billions of dollars—ten dollars per month for each man, woman and child!

There is not a family in America which is not, in one form or another, paying this continuing taxation, levied by the assessors of the underworld. These families comprise the subscribers of the newspapers of America, and they turn to the newspapers for information, for aid, and for guidance.

I am afraid that America would be chaotic indeed were it not for the fearlessness of those editors who are brave enough to point out evidences of municipal corruption, or of criminal affiliations as they see them. That the press speaks all too often to an apathetic audience is unfortunate; that it continues to speak certainly commands the highest of commendation.

THEREFORE, the problem I want to discuss is not one which the unthinking person so often alleges, namely, that newspapers print too much pointless crime news, or that newspapers simply aid the criminal. It is rather one of distilling the wide and varied efforts of the many publishers into a purer and more clarified viewpoint and program by which the desires of the forward-looking newspaperman may be accomplished for the good of all.

I have said that a criminal loves and hates publicity, and in this axiom lies,

THIS striking article by the head of the nation's law enforcement agency, the terrific cost of crime as it affects the American people, the need of co-operation between the Special Agents and newspapermen in the fight against the criminal, and the fact that such co-operation has been lacking and other things in a very convincing and effective manner. These remarks were made at the annual convention of the American Newspaper Editors, held in New York City, the cause of their universal significance. The Government has the permission to present them in full.

All illustrations are official photographs.

I believe, the explanation of some of the condemnation placed upon newspapers by those who believe that some newspapers aid crime. To understand this statement, one must understand the psychology of the criminal, which first of all demands a certain peculiar type of ego and love of self-aggrandizement, a desire to be in the forefront, to be admired, to be talked about, even though he must murder some honest citizen to obtain that position.

Practically every bandit-desperado of recent years, a type which I prefer to term "public rat," rather than "public enemy," fed his ego, and assembled his so-called courage for new depredations by what a person in other pursuits might call his press notices. Every time some unthinking writer referred to him as daring, or courageous, or romantic, or brave, or shrewd,



Special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation learn to handle the automatic rifle. Every man must be efficient with firearms.

ss in the War on Crime

GAR HOOVER

l Bureau of Investigation,
Department of Justice

of the hard-hitting G-Men brings home the American family and individual. It cites the Special Agents of the Department of Justice inst the criminal; singles out instances where y and others where it was present in a satis- e remarks of Mr. Hoover were made at the m Newspaper Publishers Association. Be- ance The Quill sought and was granted sent them in the magazine.

the official photos of the F. B. I.

or clever, it fed the flames of his ego, and burned him with new desires to rob more banks, plunder more citizens, and kill more people to keep the fires of publicity burning.

The best way to deflate ego-maniac individuals is to tell the whole truth about them. I have said that the criminal hates publicity, and indeed he does when it truthfully depicts his rat-like existence, his self-centered mind, his cowardice, his craven stealthiness. Had John Dillinger been depicted for the filthy type of vermin that he was, crawling through the holes of our law-enforcement, rather, than as one series of articles portrayed him, as a clever and adventurous individual given to a marked degree of chivalry of Robin Hood proportions, perhaps there would not be so many

silly boys now in penitentiaries for having tried to emulate him.

One of the bitterest complaints Alvin Karpis made to me after his capture at New Orleans was that I had publicly branded him a "rat." That hit home. He knew it was true.

NOW I do not pretend to know anything about the newspaper publishing business, but, through grim circumstances, have had to learn something about crime and criminals. Reverting to my statement that a criminal loves publicity, I have only to think of the numerous unfortunate occasions when publicity has resulted in the continuation of criminal careers.

There was, for instance, in a Midwest city, the publicity-seeking police officer who could not refrain from supplying a newspaper with the confidential knowledge that plans were being made by Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and local officers to apprehend John Dillinger upon his planned return the following day for medical aid. The information was printed and, of course, John Dillinger did not walk into the trap which had been laid for him by the authorities. Instead, he was able to continue his depredations for several months. Thousands of additional dollars were necessary for his pursuit and the plunder of armories and banking institutions multiplied from the continued activities of this "mad dog."

In the case of Alvin Karpis, who held the headlines for a brief time, one newspaper could not resist the temptation to "jump the gun" on a tip it had



J. Edgar Hoover

Mr. Hoover, whose work as head of the G-Men has made him known around the world, was graduated from George Washington University with a law degree. He entered the Department of Justice in 1917, was named special assistant to the Attorney-General in 1921; served as assistant director of the Bureau of Investigation from 1921 to May, 1924, when he was named its director.

received that Karpis was about to be captured. Karpis was not captured at that time. In the case of "Machine Gun" Kelly, one of the kidnapers of Charles Urschel, plans had been laid to entrap him when, in a northern city, he picked up a newspaper which emblazoned across the first page the information that "Machine Gun" Kelly was about to be arrested there. It was necessary to chase him several thousand miles farther before the Federal Bureau of Investigation and local officers captured him at Memphis, Tenn.

I could continue with these examples



The G-Men go to school—learning the latest methods of combating the underworld. Police work is becoming more and more a profession and a science.

throughout the cases of many public rats who have been sought by the Federal Bureau of Investigation within the last few years. However, I have no desire to appear as a critic of the press in general, because it has only been a small minority of the press which has thoughtlessly, I believe, been unwitting parties to these instances of obstruction of justice. No one appreciates the cooperation, the earnest assistance, the forthrightness, and honesty of the American free press better than we of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

THE foregoing instances indicate why the Federal Bureau of Investigation sometimes proceeds on cases without consulting local authorities. We cooperate always when circumstances otherwise permit, except when experience shows local agencies to be publicity-mad, crooked, or incompetent. Fortunately, the Federal Bureau of Investigation has received excellent cooperation from the police agencies of the nation and the departments with which we cannot work shoulder to shoulder are in the great minority. To those state and local agencies which have so efficiently and wholeheartedly cooperated with our Bureau, we owe a tremendous debt.

Since I have cited instances in which overenthusiasm for news, or over-eagerness to supply the demands of subscribers have brought about unfortunate results, I desire at this time to pay my respects to all newspapermen, and especially those of the city of New York for what was to me the perfect example of newspaper cooperation in law enforcement. This concerned the arrest of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, the kidnaper of Charles Lindbergh, Jr.

HERE was a case in which the efforts of all law enforcement throughout America had been bent to the utmost for months. This was especially true of the Federal Bureau of Investigation which was given the task, more than a year after the commission of the crime, of coordinating efforts for the pursuit of this criminal, and toward that end had worked night and day upon tedious, painstaking plans which were approaching their culmination.

Steadily and surely, through the aid of eager and efficient local law-enforcement bodies, the net had been drawn about the offender; bank notes were being traced through purchases; it had been established that the wanted man was a carpenter; that he lived in a certain part of the Bronx; that he was spending ransom money more and more openly. Bank clerks were on

the look-out for him; storekeepers everywhere were aiding us.

If a single line of type had appeared anywhere saying that the Lindbergh kidnaper was known, that he was about to be arrested, there would have been immediate flight, and the solution of the Lindbergh case would perhaps have been as far away as ever. But through the world of newspaperdom that secret remained a secret; the lips of newspapermen were closed; not once did the clatter of the linotype machine make known this most important knowledge. The result was that Bruno Richard Hauptmann remained unaware of the tremendous plans that were approaching consummation until at last he walked into the trap—a trap perfected through cooperation, through coordination, on a common ground of fidelity and zealotry. I cannot praise that spirit too highly; I cannot commend too greatly the newspapermen who made it possible.

IT is with this status of perfection in mind that I have cited the other instances when publicity has defeated or detained the law.

But let us contrast the helpfulness of the press in the Lindbergh case with the situation which existed in a more recent major kidnaping case under the jurisdiction of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. A group of press representatives issued an ultimatum to the father of the kidnaped person to the effect that unless he would agree to permit them to interview the victim immediately upon his release by the kidnaper, they would continue to "picket" the home of this distraught parent throughout the 24 hours of the day and night and they would follow any relative who might leave the home to make contact with the kidnaper. I am sure that the editors of these papers did not realize the true significance and consequences of that action.

CRIME news may sometimes not be news until it is published. The printing of information concerning the sudden activity of relatives of kidnaped persons, or of officers in cases of apprehension can be of ultimate interest only to one person—that is the man whom those officers are endeavoring to apprehend.

There have been instances when press representatives have attempted to make comparisons or contrasts between the effectiveness of law-enforcement agencies in dealing with certain types of situations. May I suggest that such action serves to confuse the public in creating the impression of a lack of cooperation between police

agencies and tends to destroy confidence in organizations which are attempting to do their best to serve their communities. The common basis of all law-enforcement agencies is the public welfare and anything which tends to create doubt in the public mind concerning the cooperative endeavors of police agencies serves as an aid and comfort to the criminal.

Reverting again to my statement that a criminal loves and hates secrecy—what he hates most of all is his inability to find in any newspaper the details of law-enforcement activities which will allow him to know the names of the officers who are seeking him, or reveal their photographs, or tell of the plans by which he is to be apprehended.

As for the secrecy which the criminal loves, it is the lack of publicity upon community or local matters having to do with the efficiency of law-enforcement or the stultifying influence of politics upon those who seek to enforce the law. Crime lives and thrives by this sort of secrecy. When an influential criminal is arrested in a community, he immediately assembles his powers of influence, his high-paid lawyers-criminal, his alibi witnesses, and all the rest of the machinery by which such an offender seeks to defeat the law. He hopes above all else that the newspapers will refrain from probing deeply into the activities by which he plans to remain free. He does not want them to demand a quick trial or to continue to demand that trial until it is brought about. He does not want them to delve into the political affiliations he may be employing to delay indictment or to influence witnesses. He does not want them to ask with some asperity where he got the money to hire the most expensive set of lawyers in the vicinity. He wants them to forget all these things.

It seems to me that in matters of this kind, every newspaper has an opportunity to demonstrate the finest type of journalism. Through the newspapers, the public can ask why the big criminal gets away and the little fellow is sent to prison—why some law-enforcement agencies are lenient toward offenders of political affiliation but highly efficient when the unaffiliated, the poverty-stricken, the poor, come to the bar of justice.

It is not enough to carry on sporadic campaigns against vice or lawlessness, ceasing these campaigns with the throwing of a few sacrificial bodies into the flames. A campaign against lawlessness can succeed only when the roots of that lawlessness are torn up one by one, and the forces behind

the active criminals are exposed and brought to justice.

IF I were a publisher, and I realize this is a most dangerous thing to say, I would apply the same principles to crime that newspapers have applied to medicine. Certainly, the average American newspaper subscriber is better equipped to evaluate his health because of the campaigns of education which have been carried on by skilled men of science and medicine in the columns of their newspapers. I believe persons can be taught by the proper writers and proper specialists how better to protect their homes against robbery; how to recognize swindlers; how to stave off the racketeer and the chiseler and the petty embezzler; how to recognize a venal violator of public trust when he begins his nefarious activities; how to understand and demand a proper type of law-enforcement; how to understand the need for appropriations for proper police equipment, proper police personnel, and proper scientific development of law-enforcement.

Another important problem in connection with proper law-enforcement is one dealing with the administration of our parole systems in the various states. This problem is perhaps more complicated than ever, because of the efforts of interested persons to conceal the true severity of the situation and, by their twisting of apparent facts, to seek to muddle the public mind concerning it. I am a firm believer in the principle of parole but I have said before and I say now that the administration of parole systems in all too many of our States approaches a national scandal.

Parole today is becoming one of the major menaces of our country. Through its misapplication, convicts are being freed with little or no supervision, and often with no sound reason for release. In my opinion, there can only be one reason why thousands upon thousands of criminals who have repeatedly committed crimes are set free to commit other and often more dangerous offenses against the law. This is the failure of public officials to faithfully carry out their public trust. And this dangerous condition should be exposed. There is no power but publicity to do it.

THE Federal Bureau of Investigation maintains a list of 13,516 of the most desperate, vicious enemies of society. Of these, 3,948 have been recipients of either sob-sister or sentimental or monetary or politically-controlled pardon or parole, not once but, in many cases, time after time.

Every Special Agent of the FBI who has died in gun battle with criminals has been sent to his death by a gun in the hands of a paroled convict. Not one was a first offender, they were all paroled convicts. I do not believe that prison doors should be opened by sentimental sob-sisters to such men as Alvin Karpis, John Dillinger, Harvey Bailey, Harry Brunette, "Baby Face" Nelson or the rest of their recidivist, habitually and professionally criminal clan of plunderers, sex criminals, and murderers whose freedom can only place a stain upon the theory and practice of parole.

Such maladministration creates only enemies to society. It cheapens the dignity of law enforcement. It lowers the majesty of the law in the estimation of persons who deliberately commit infractions. It is a problem to be weighed and attacked by every home-loving person. I ask that all of you give of your time, your thoughts, your efforts and your great power that this horrible tangle of misapplied clemency be stricken from the list of our problems.

Another barnacle which clogs law enforcement—a monumental fake which has too long been perpetrated upon the American public—is the prison sentence which says one thing and means another. The newspaper subscriber must be taught that he should not be lulled to peaceful acquiescence when a judge sentences a man to prison for 20 years, knowing full well that he will be out in five. Prison sentences today are largely a matter of division and subtraction.

Many of our prisons are disorganized; they are ill-kept; they often are hot beds of vice and agitation. Punishment in many states has all but become a thing of the past. Some of our prisons may well be classed as country clubs, while others are mere temporary stopping places for persons who have violated our laws. Many of them are badly manned and are easily accessible to escape, like sieves through which the rats placed in them may depart almost at will. In many prisons, the inmates are granted the benefits of the radio, of the daily newspaper, selected magazines, the latest movies, orchestras, traveling bands, hand decorated cells, tennis, baseball, handball, basketball and football, and any other amusement which over-sympathetic and sob-sister wardens or prison boards may contrive so they may better enjoy their stay behind bars.

This is not punishment. It does not create respect for law. As long as such idiotic, disgraceful, sentimental

convict-coddling persists, the majesty of the law cannot be looked upon with the seriousness necessary to bring about the respect which it should command.

The press has done more than any other public group to arouse and crystallize public attention upon the evils and abuses which exist in the administration of our parole and penal systems. Some improvement has been noted as a result but much remains to be done. I am indeed hopeful that the free press of our country will not relax in its crusade against these evils, because it is only by unceasing vigilance and persistence that effective and lasting results may be accomplished.

If every publisher would dedicate a column on the front page of his paper to a statement of the status of crime and criminals in his community, it would be informative not only to their readers but it would also tend to make more alert and diligent those public servants charged with the enforcement and administration of the laws.

I trust I will not be misinterpreted as one who merely criticizes. I hope the debt of law enforcement to the press has been made clear and that my personal feeling of that indebtedness are fully understood. What I have said has been advanced only as the views of one seeking to bring about frank discussion of an important problem so that a good friend can be made into even a more able one. Only cooperation and mutual understanding can bring success to our endeavors. But the goal of that success is the eradication of concerted and professional criminality throughout the nation.

Features Stories

[Concluded from page 8]

buyers? Clerks, managers and store owners will gladly talk on this subject.

Interviews with business and professional men on what they would do if they were "twenty-one" is an old hunch but still good for some interesting reading.

Perhaps many of the foregoing story hunches will not apply to your city, while others may be of some value. It isn't likely that anyone will phone in one of these stories nor will a reporter find one written and edited awaiting him on his run some morning. Each one requires energy and patience to find and write but when published will give your newspaper that highest of all qualities—"local news plus."

Editorial Pages

[Concluded from page 4]

money by the monetization of present property at a stated value, or in the case of a body politic, by monetizing its power to tax future income. The first converts existing property into monetary form; the latter makes money income from anticipated production. Both add new money income through a process of bookkeeping instead of production and both processes have a profound effect on business.

This passage is clear to the technically trained subscribers of the quarterly; many editorial writers are subscribers; some newspaper readers could dig out the meaning. But to write this abstract jargon into an editorial for general reading would merely waste space.

EDITORIAL writers understand that many readers never move beyond the stage of thinking in which they sit entirely apart from life. What happens to them individually is one thing; what happens to other people is something else. They read of breadlines, motor car casualties, Fascistic revolt in Spain; yet they feel defensively that these things could never affect them. Correlations, universal law, they miss entirely. They watch the world go by, and never see their own lives as part of the cavalcade that is passing.

Then a lot of tremendous living, a world war, the sudden tightening of a rediscount rate, the tread of unemployed feet, a misfortune to their own children, carry them off their porch into the midst of what they have been watching. They are wiser, busier, and desperately disturbed. Not all of these people read Plato or Kant, or even *Harper's* or the *Atlantic Monthly*; many of them read nothing but newspapers. The wise among the Press hear the cry; the least they can answer with is more light.

Somewhere, somehow, newspaper readers need to see the stream of news not as a kaleidoscope of colored bits, nor as a chart on which theories of government, doctrines of behavior, economic law, rise and fall and curve; but as men and women, themselves included, moved inexorably by the rules of the System under which they live. In Matthew Arnold's fine phrase, more of them need to see life steadily and see it whole.

It is difficult to do this in the swift brush strokes of news. A few may get it in the church, a few in the groves of Academus, a rare few after busi-

ness hours with good books and fine minds. Yet for the great majority who are intelligent and eager for light, but whose schooling stopped with the eighth grade or with high school, the schoolmaster of the people must be the Washington and foreign correspondent and other writers of editorial interpretation. This is why the competent newspaper seeks not merely the abstract definition and explanation but also the particular human instance to illustrate them.

This human instance of a basic truth we see in Harold Anderson's editorial in the *New York Sun*, "Lindbergh Flies Alone."⁴ Composed in forty minutes, this editorial particularized a philosophy of life which had been evolving in Mr. Anderson's mind, perhaps for a generation. He was past 60 when he wrote it.

LINDBERGH FLIES ALONE

"Alone?

"Is he alone at whose right side rides Courage, with Skill within the cockpit and Faith upon the left? Does solitude surround the brave when Adventure leads the way and Ambition reads the dials? Is there no company for him for whom the air is cleft by Daring and the darkness is made light by Emprise?

"True, the fragile bodies of his fellows do not weigh down his plane; true, the fretful minds of weaker men are lacking from his crowded cabin; but as his airship keeps her course he holds communion with those rare spirits that inspire to intrepidity and by their sustaining potency give strength to arm, resource to mind, content to soul.

"Alone? With what other companions would that man fly to whom the choice were given?"

This idea might have been preached to a drowsy congregation before Lindbergh was born. We can find the thesis in essays from Montaigne to Christopher Morley. Carpenters and lawyers and statesmen have inarticulately sensed it in their intimate reflections. It applied not alone to Lindbergh but to every reader who has groped for a sense of personal identity. That is why thousands of reprints were requested, why it was inscribed in bronze and presented to the flier who most recently had exemplified the theme.

For here is not just a paean to a courageous young man who caught the public fancy. It is an editorial that

⁴ May 21, 1927.

with poetic restraint and Aristotelian purgation suggests that few of us possess the inner resourcefulness to be ever *un-alone*. Most of us in a swirl of entertainment say, "I enjoy myself," when what we mean is, "I enjoy the rest of you: I need the stimulation of people and programs; I am abominable company for myself."

NOT every editorial that humanizes order discerned from welter, however, offers philosophy. A federal tax reduction from corporation income, a charge of syndicalism hurled by a senator, the newest performance in the continuous show of ballot fraud, or the residue from a quarter-century of concoctions for world peace—all may be defined or explained in a way to reveal their broadly human application.

On the other side of the journalistic scene is the editorial of invective, unsupported statement, and bitter prejudice—the vestige of a corrupt party press in America and of eighteenth century England when Walpole spent £50,000 of government money on subsidies to British editors. Discriminating readers distrust the paper that publishes such explosions, though pyrotechnic writing unquestionably appeals to prejudice.

A more subtly meretricious device than billingsgate, however, is the eye-wash-editorial that says nothing rather charmingly. This does not include the so-called "pure entertainment" editorial which salutes the seasons with genuine beauty or discourses upon apple pie with valid reminiscence of Charles Lamb. Beauty and competent whimsy have their place in journalism. But eyewash with its literary analgesia keeps many an editorial page just gray space between news pages and the comics.

Every editorial, it seems to me, should answer an inevitable question and evoke an exclamation. A reader begins an editorial with the unformulated query: "What's this to me?"

A writer should make the answer unobtrusively clear. On finishing an editorial, a reader should be stirred to think: "Now there's an idea, isn't it?"

Peter Hamilton, of the *Wall Street Journal*, once asked: "Are editorials worth reading?" and *Editor & Publisher* aptly answered. "Yes, when they are worth reading."

The world has need of more editorials worth reading.

NORRIS A. HUSE, for more than 10 years prominently identified with the development of the *Associated Press* news photo service died Jan. 7 after an illness of several months. He was 54 years old.

• THE BOOK BEAT •

A New Note

TALCOTT WILLIAMS, GENTLEMAN OF THE FOURTH ESTATE, by Elizabeth Dunbar. G. E. Stechert & Co., 31 E. 10th St., New York City. 400 pp.

This most interesting life history of a man who was a very great editor and who was known nationally and internationally long before he became the director of the Pulitzer School of Journalism of Columbia University in 1912, strikes a new note in biography. For the author, who was very close to Talcott Williams during his 31 years of work in varying capacities on the Philadelphia Press, in order to explain him goes into the greatest elaboration of his immediate and remote ancestors, sturdy New Englanders and up-state New Yorkers, printers, publishers, missionaries, savants and specialists.

Born in Turkey, where his father was a missionary, educated at Amherst, where he was editor of the *Student*, Williams turned to journalism soon after his graduation in 1873. Starting on the old New York *World*, he proved to be a precocious reporter with an unsatisfied concern about facts and phenomena that made him a most exacting, self-disciplined writer in New York, then in Washington as a correspondent, then on the Springfield *Republican* under the successors to the veteran Samuel Bowles, and finally for 31 years on the Philadelphia Press.

That his unvarying and indefatigable search for all the facts as a reporter and, in editorial matters, to know the very latest that had been written or said about any subject, led to an early recognition of his amazing knowledge and deep learning was to be expected. For it was said of him, as has been said of a number of other very able men, that "omniscience was his forte and science was his foible."

All this and more that Talcott Williams stood for in his long life of 78 years, ever inquiring to the last, is set out by Miss Dunbar through the use of intimate details which built up the complete personality of the man. Journalists, or as a certain superficial group prefer to say, "newspapermen," and Williams was a great newspaperman, but more than that, a great journalist, will find the reading of this book very well worthwhile.

If Talcott Williams never became—and one easily infers he never wanted to become—an Arthur Brisbane, for

one thing, he trained Richard Harding Davis, viewed by Brisbane as the best reporter he ever knew, and also Benjamin Decasseres, still one of the most brilliant men writing for the New York *American*, and Bradford Merrill, right bower as an executive of Brisbane for many years. For, indeed, it was the Philadelphia Press, under Williams, that became the source from which New York journalism obtained some of its ablest editors and writers.

This "Gentleman of the Fourth Estate" gave learning and dignity to his profession, and, in the Pulitzer School, made an abiding impression on those competent to receive his message and undergo his strict discipline.—DR. HARVEY M. WATTS, Temple University.

Of the Campus

ALMA MATER: THE GOTHIC AGE OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE, by Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. xiii + 259 pp. \$2.50.

In something of the same vein which his "His Age of Confidence: Life in the Nineties" such a delightful book, Henry Seidel Canby has turned to the college life of his youth and early manhood and written "Alma Mater: The Gothic Age of the American College."

This book, like its predecessor, says its author, is "a study in memory, a critical memoir of a long college experience in a time of change when sometimes the college moved faster and sometimes the country. It is an estimate of values, often appreciative, often critical, but personal always without being rigorously autobiographical, and it relies upon experience recalled and freely interpreted for its validity. It can be little broader experience, which was largely at one college. Yet it can go deeper for there is a perspective in the writing of from twenty to thirty years. I fear that it is inexcusably masculine, considering the importance of the woman's college and the woman graduate and undergraduate in these decades, but that is a misfortune of sex not of intention, and in most of these pages what is said of man applies equally to woman. Memory, however, must take its evidence where it can find it. I have taught girls often, but I have never been one."

By way of further explanation of the scope and spirit of his work, Mr. Canby writes:

"In spite of the numerous books

upon American education in the nineties and early nineteen hundreds I can find none that adequately describes it, or relates the college of that day to youth as I knew it. They deal with the facts better than I can, since they are broader in scope, but they leave out the immensely important element of emotion. The college I write of here was more than an institution, it was a community with a vital life of its own, a state within a state."

In the development of his narrative, Mr. Canby has chapters on "The College Town," "College Life," "The Faculty," "The Academic Life," "Scholars and Scholarship," "The Alumni," and similar inviting themes.

Some of the material in this book originally appeared in *Harper's* magazine.—JOHN E. DREWRY, Director, Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, The University of Georgia.

Rapid Reviews

HOW TO MAKE MONEY, by Harold S. Kahm. 12 mo. Cloth. \$1.50. D. Appleton-Century Co., New York.

This is a book for boys on various ways of making money in their spare time. Every idea in the book has been put into successful use, and so varied are the author's suggestions that it would be almost impossible for the intelligent boy to fail to find some suitable project in which he is sure to make money. Here are scores of practical ways of making money through typewriting; photography; such chores as chopping wood, sweeping walks, etc.

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THE QUILL

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The Sage of Three Rivers

[Concluded from page 7]

THE Chet Shafer by-line over the Three Rivers date line is becoming so widely circulated that people are beginning to ask questions. Well, here's an outline, because to go into the Shafer biography with even the faintest sort of detail would require more time and space than there is presently at our disposal.

Chester Werntz Shafer was born in Elkhart, Ind., Dec. 8, 1887, and he was baptized by Rev. M. W. Darling, pastor of the First Congregational Church there, with the pastor's son, J. N. Darling (Ding, the nationally known cartoonist) pumping the pipe organ during the ceremony. This was fateful, because 40 years later, Ding joined the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, founded by Shafer. There was no question as to his qualifications.

Chester's parents moved into Michigan when he was six years old and the kids of Three Rivers at once began calling him Chet. He went to public schools and was graduated from the Three Rivers High School in 1908. Here he made a somewhat unusual record in athletics. With Buzzer Knapp he was a substitute half-back on the 1904 football team. That year the team played but one game, its opponent being White Pidgeon. Chet and Buzzer sat on the sidelines throughout the game, thus winning unquestioned laurels as the greatest all-time, all-American substitutes.

In 1907 at the county field meet, Chet won the twelve-pound shot put with a prodigious heave of 38 feet. At the time he was wearing a pair of new striped trousers and a white collar. A perverse fate would decree that in the year of Chet's triumph with the shot the school authorities discontinued the practice of awarding medals for athletic prowess. Chet did win a medal, though, by taking a spelling bee away from 50 entrants, by cracking out forty-nine of a possible fifty jaw-breakers.

HE spent a brief year in the literary department of the University of Michigan before boarding a freight train passing through Ann Arbor on its way to Chicago. For a year or more, he wandered about the country, working in wheat field, lead mines, on steamboats and loafing prodigiously.

During these high adventures, he was nursing an active imagination and developing a taste in letters and so, when he suddenly found himself back in Three Rivers, he was competent to

accept a reportorial post at three dollars a week on the Three Rivers *Commercial*. He worked successively in Battle Creek, Grand Rapids and Flint, pausing only to join up with an ambulance company during the World War. After the war, we find him in the editorial rooms of the Detroit *News*, where we begin to hear of him in the larger way.

It was in Detroit that he organized the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, an enterprise that took up so much of his time and energies that he was soon forced to abandon for the time his journalistic exercises. The Guild has thrived prodigiously in the field of non-essential, non-profit-sharing corporations and it, with its subsidiaries, the Gold Fish Proving Grounds and the acres devoted to the Conservation of Wild Cast-Iron Animal Life, has been publicized in such journals as the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *American Magazine* and *Cosmopolitan*.

He found time at Three Rivers to establish the Big Link Sausage Co., which is based on the sound economic theory that the longer the link the more there is to eat. He has been considering a plan to emerge the sausage manufactory with the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers and in the event of this union, he says he will feed the pigs cast-iron acorns, so the animals will be able to grow their own rings in their noses.

You can see this Shafer is no fool.

SHAFER belongs to the Three Rivers scene and when you glimpse him on a city street (he occasionally goes to Chicago or Detroit or even New York for broadcasting purposes and to further affairs of his cherished Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers) you would know at once that here is a genius of some sort of other, whose atmosphere is distinctly rural but who finds no terrors in the urban setting. In other words Shafer is not afraid of the cars.

In the summer months he wears a loose-fitting flat fedora. It is old and battered, but Chet wouldn't trade it for the newest model in nifty numbers. He is proud of the hat. Once, to demonstrate his faith in it, he had it insured against fire, theft and collision.

When winter rides into Three Rivers, Shafer appears on the snowy highways looking much like an old trapper. He then affects a fur cap which he de-

scribes as his Daniel Boone model and he dons his long black "chinchilly" overcoat with the "manilly" frogs. When in a specially ironic mood, he strides down the main street of Three Rivers cracking a buggy whip. He still wears Congress gaiters and high shoes.

His office, where he does most of his writing, is a complete expression of himself. He files things away in old orange crates and he pins memos to the beak of a mounted owl. But wait . . . here's a fresh description of the office by its proprietor:

"A new era has dawned for the City News Bureau here.

"For years the editorial staff, returning from night assignments, has groped its way up the pitch dark stairway to the offices in the old G. A. R. & W. R. C. Hall, one flight up over the Wittenberg Boys' Newstand, which is in where Old George T. Avery used to have his Hay, Feed, Grain, Bean Pods and Middlin's Store, and just kitterin' across the street from where Old Eli Knauss ran his Harness, Carriage & Bicycle Repository.

"Then there was the feeling around to find the button on the door—and—the assignment finished—the blind stumbling back down the stairway to the lighted street.

"But all this has been changed since Orr Scott, the blacksmith, whose smithing, if any, is done around in the alley back of the Hosy Burch Livery, Feed & Exchange Stable, moved into the living rooms up over Marietta & Titta's Grocery Store, which was once the location of the Big George Wilsnatch Saloon. Because Orr has placed a common milkin' lantern on the landing at the head of the stairway. And its light, however feeble, and just a little ghostly, illumines the pathway for the staff—and makes it a simple matter to find the button.

"There's the odor of the coal-oil and the wick, too, when Orr turns the lantern up too high. This adds to the atmosphere. But it's the quavery beams that count—outlining the steps in bold relief—and brightening the wide space of the landing as long grotesque shadows spook up the walls.

"With Orr's milkin' lantern a new era has dawned for the City News Bureau.

"And the future ought to open up a vista of vast possibilities."

It's articles like this which form the index of a quaint and gifted personality.

And it's articles like this which have put Three Rivers, Mich., uniquely on the map.

GEORGE F. McSHANE, formerly assistant art director of *Cosmopolitan*, has opened his own art and layout studio in New York. . . . **WALTER A. LOPER**, with the Chicago office of *This Week* since its founding, has been transferred to San Francisco to open a coast office for the publication. . . . **ERNEST V. HEYN**, founder and editor of *Modern Screen* and *Radio Stars*, has resigned as editor of *Screen Guide* to become assistant supervising editor of *Photoplay*, *Movie Mirror* and *Radio Mirror*. . . . *Scribner's Magazine* has appointed **A. BANKS WANAMAKER**, formerly of *Inland Topics*, as Chicago representative. . . . *Popular Photography*, published by the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, made its debut with the May issue. . . . **DONALD B. WILSON** has been appointed New England representative of *Coronet*, with offices in Boston. . . . **CALVIN NEFF**, formerly New York and Philadelphia representative of *Harper's Bazaar*, has been appointed Pacific Coast manager of *Vanity Fair Silk Mills*. . . . *McCall Corporation* has appointed **RICHMOND W. LANDON** advertising manager of its three fashion papers. . . . **WILLIAM TERRY**, formerly advertising manager of the MacFadden Detective Group, is joining the New York advertising staff of *Redbook* magazine. . . . **E. N. ROWELL** has joined the sales staff of *Liberty*. . . . **H. V. JENKINS**, president and editor, Savannah (Ga.) *Morning News*, was honored at a dinner, given by a group of friends to mark his 10 years' connection with the paper. . . . Formerly of the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*, **LEE ETTELSON** has been named assistant managing editor of the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*. . . . The San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* recently inaugurated what is believed to be the first sports section picture page, which appeared under the streamer "Call-Bulletin Sports Through the Camera's Eye." . . . **DAMON RUNYON'S** daily column in the New York *American* has been changed from "As I See It" to "The Brighter Side." . . . **J. L. HORNE, JR.**, publisher, Rocky Mount (N. C.) *Telegram*, has resigned from the State Rural Electrification Authority. . . . "What Goes On," a column of news comment and interpretation, is being conducted by **CHAPIN HALL** in the Los Angeles *Times*. . . . Wedding bells for **ELEANOR BALL**, daughter of **WILLIAM BALL**, editor, Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* and **PHILLIP HEWITT-MYRING**, an English journalist. Also for **CLARK ATEN**, city editor, Corpus Christi (Tex.) *Voice* and **MARY QUINN** of the *Two States Press*, Texarkana. . . .

THE QUILL for May, 1937

Had You Heard—

By DONALD D. HOOVER

The distinction of being the first woman to lecture at the club since its founding in 1865, was won by **DOROTHY THOMPSON**, New York *Herald Tribune* columnist when she recently spoke at the Harvard Club before 1,200 members and guests. . . . **LADY ROTHERMERE**, wife of Lord Rothermere, proprietor of the London *Daily Mail*, died at their villa in France. . . . **WALTER F. HOPKINS** has been appointed promotion manager of the Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram and Gazette*, succeeding **GEORGE GRIM**, who joined the staff of *King Features Syndicate, Inc.* . . . **FRED B. SHEPLER**, business manager and part owner of the Lawton (Okla.) *Constitution*, and Mrs. Shepler sailed from Seattle, Wash., on an around-the-world journey during which, Mr. Shepler

Wins SDX Award



Ralph H. Nafziger

Prof. Nafziger, a member of the journalism faculty at the University of Minnesota, has been awarded the \$50 prize offered annually by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, for outstanding research in the fields of journalism. His work was "The American Press and Public Opinion During the World War, 1914, to April, 1917." Judges of the contest were Charles H. Dennis, editor-emeritus of the Chicago Daily News; Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, editor of the Richmond (Va.) *News-Leader*; Carl Miller, of the Pacific Coast Edition of the Wall Street Journal, last year's president of the fraternity; Curtis D. MacDougall, editor of the National Almanac and Year Book; and Dr. Ralph D. Casey, head of the department of journalism at the University of Minnesota.

will write a series of letters giving an account of the trip. . . . **PAUL MACLEAN**, political writer, Helena (Mont.), *Independent*, for the past nine years, has joined the University of Chicago publicity staff. . . . The Pontiac (Mich.) *Daily Press* has increased its street sale price from two to three cents a copy and its delivered price from twelve to fifteen cents a week, the increased revenue to be shared with the newsboys. . . . **CHARLES D. WHIDDEN** has been elected vice-president of the New York *Journal of Commerce* having been financial advertising manager of the paper since 1929. . . . **GLEN SHEARS** has joined the copy department of Lord & Thomas, Chicago, after ten years with Henri, Hurst & McDonald. . . . **HARRY BROWN**, formerly with the New York *Herald Tribune* advertising staff, has been appointed local advertising manager, succeeding **PORTER CARRUTHERS**, who has resigned to open his own agency in New York. . . . The new monthly magazine for men, *Bachelor*, has a woman editor, **FANCHON DEVOE**; and an editorial slant planned to spread glamour over the neglected and unattached man. . . . Damage estimated at \$200,000, was suffered by the Vancouver *Sun*, Vancouver, B. C., when fire destroyed one of the paper's two presses. . . . After publishing the Mountain View (Calif.) *Register-Leader* for 33 years, **P. MILTON SMITH** has sold the newspaper to **WALTER KEENE**, former owner of the Hollister (Calif.) *Advance*. . . . The Shanghai *China Press*, carrying a silver cover, issued its Silver Anniversary Edition marking the 25th anniversary of the China Republic and the 25th year of publication of the newspaper. . . . **E. D. FULTON**, business manager of the Chicago *Herald & Examiner*, has been appointed to the general management of the Hearst Newspapers in New York, to be in charge of all Hearst business managers in the East. . . . **JOHN CHARLES SHAFFER**, publisher, Indianapolis *Star* and Muncie (Ind.) *Star*, has purchased a 40-acre estate near Santa Barbara, Calif. . . . **JOSEPH M. PAGE**, publisher, Jerseyville (Ill.) *Democrat* and Mrs. Page, observed their 66th wedding anniversary recently. . . . A tour of South American cities is being made by **ERNEST G. SMITH**, general manager, Wilkes-Barre *Times-Leader*. . . . A new baseball feature, "Olaf's Letters to His Brother Sven," is being conducted by **Leo Macdonell** of the Detroit (Mich.) *Times*. . . . The Creston (Ia.) *News Advertiser*, owned by MR. and MRS. W. E. DAY, began its 58th year of publication recently.

So I Say "Phooey"

[Concluded from page 9]

sub-head, who has to go back the next day and catch h—?

Have you ever seen a State Editor sticking his neck out in such a manner? No! And if the correspondent can't take it, and doesn't appear for several days, Little Oscar brings a note on his way to school, wherein you are informed of what an unnecessary piece of furniture you really

are. Moreover, Uncle Ezra, the note says, is going to go right to town and have ye State Editor take on as correspondent, Mrs. Hortense Whitherby, president of the Nazarene group. When the complaint is registered by Uncle Ezra, the State Editor sides in with him, they have a good mutual back-scratching—and the correspondent is the worm.

TOWNS in America that have sprung from hamlets to small cities in the past 20 years are inhabited by many people whose recollection of a newspaper is something like the old *Centerville Weekly Gazette*. They can't understand why a paper has to be so high-hat that it won't print such unusual and sparkling stories as those about Mr. and Mrs. Claypoole Snodgrass' 10-year-old pig, Annesia, having a batch of 12 piglets, or about Ellsnore Tipentuck's cow going hog-wild and breaking a leg after knocking down a strip of fence.

In order to gather what the State Editor calls news, but what usually is something even a dumb cluck like a circulation manager can tell you won't sell, the correspondent is compelled to get out of bed at all hours of the night; go abroad in any and all sorts of weather; keep a telephone in the house on a pay check that wouldn't support a healthy mouse; walk down the paths of ridicule for a boner pulled by ye State Editor in his effort at refinement; sit for hours in a smelly village hall while a crew of city fathers decide the destiny of something that has no destiny, so that a paper whose State Editor won't understand anyway, can take the story (after it has been virtually ruined for paper-selling purposes by the aforementioned State Editor) and send it out to people who will pass down the column and read the few lines left in about the sow with the dozen pigs, the punch-drunk boxer Jones, and the cow with Zion-checkitus.

THIS correspondent owns a typewriter, moreover I can read. Better yet, I can add, subtract and multiply, occasionally rising to the heights of minor algebra. I neither mumble nor do I slobber on myself.

In fact, if I couldn't do the work I've observed being done by certain State Editors, and hold down a reasonably difficult job on the side just to demonstrate that I'm not entirely shiftless,

I'd forget it all and go in for fan-dancing.

Sometime I shall write a book and dedicate it to Messrs. Krawcheck and Leighty—in fond memory of the bad taste they left in my mouth. I shall recall that a correspondent in a small town is the bulwark of a newspaper's circulation in that town. And I shall recall, too, that if all small-town correspondents really were illiterate and really didn't give a d—, the newspaper still would get a darned sight more than it'll ever pay for.

SDX Committee Meets

Proposals for the strengthening of Sigma Delta Chi as a professional journalistic society, submitted by working newspapermen in all sections of the United States, were studied by the central committee on alumni organization in Chicago April 17. The meeting, which committee members said may have a far reaching effect on the future of the organization, was also an observance of the twenty-eighth anniversary of the organization's founding at De Pauw university.

Although no final action was taken pending consideration at a later meeting of answers to 1,500 questionnaires recently mailed to members in every state in the union by John M. McClelland of Stanford University, the trend of thought was toward a strengthening of the present organization rather than complete reorganization of the graduate body.

A means of eliminating from full membership in the future all members who leave editorial work, or fail to enter such work after graduation from college, while at the same time retaining and improving the present undergraduate organization, was among the plans considered most carefully, according to committee members.

Recommendations are to be made to the next national convention at Lawrence, Kansas, next November. Action to follow may include complete revision of the present constitution and by-laws to provide for both a stricter membership requirement and broader professional activity.

VERNON MCKENZIE, director of the School of Journalism at the University of Washington, Seattle, is the author of "The Armament Road to Peace," a paper-bound booklet of 83 pages containing political, economic, social, religious, military and journalistic observations of the author, made in Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy, July-September, 1936, abridged from articles published in the *Montreal Star*, *Toronto Star*, *Vancouver (B. C.) Sun*, *Portland Oregonian*, *London Evening Standard*, and *World Affairs Interpreter*, Los Angeles. It sells for 50 cents.

(Advertisement)

Missouri's Child

His main business is writing "Washington Digest," a weekly interpretative column syndicated by Western Newspaper Union. But William Bruckart's main side issue is answering hundreds of letters from Americans who watch the



WILLIAM BRUCKART

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Born in Missouri, Bill Bruckart's native skepticism fertilized an independent mind that soon bore ideas. Kansas City and Wichita newspaper jobs led to a Washington post with United Press. Soon he joined Associated Press, but Pundit David Lawrence hired Bruckart when *The United States Daily* was started.

Mathematically keen, WNU's Washington correspondent loves nothing better than a bout with the new budget. His main hobby is sounding out opinion through thousands of volunteer pulse-feelers who write in praise or criticism of his views. How Commentator Bruckart's governmental ideas swing from year to year is a vital matter to these people. Certainly no party lines can bind him.

Free Lance

[Concluded from page 5]

nect, and over and over again. The final result is usually "gummed-taped" in a piece half a mile long and finally chopped up into length a girl can handle at the typewriter.

No one can read them but an experienced worker. Half the time I can't read my own corrections. But my competent Miss Blackburn, who has been with me 16 or 60 years, I forget which, usually can dig out what I mean.

Q. Any other facts?

A. I make two carbons of every finished page. One is used for final corrections; the other is filed, to prevent possible loss, if the original ms. gets lost in the mails. Also, several stories have been and others will be, made into books. The carbon is a good foundation to build into a book.

I read my own stuff five times at least in writing: first editing, first piecing, second ditto, the final carbon, and last, the final manuscript. And it never suits me! I can always see where it could have been better, but I don't always know how to make it better—and that, too, is commonplace with writer folk. The chap who sees where it isn't so good, and knows how to make it right—his name is Tarkington or Kipling!

Q. Are you a good craftsman?

A. Depends on your viewpoint. If

judged by results—well, the *American Boy* buys regularly from me and has for years. So have 141 other magazines. Twenty-eight books bear my name on the title page.

If you mean a neat craftsman, I'm rotten. I have newspaper habits, and can't get over them. I can always think of a better way to say what I've said after I have said it, which is why I do so much editing on my own stuff. I know two men who dictate to a machine and sell their copy without seeing it—nice, orderly minds they have, dern them both!

Q. Would you advise a young man to be a writer?

A. Don't be silly! If it's in him, he'll write in spite of hell and high water. If it isn't, he can't, no matter how he tries. You can learn a lot about it, but if you haven't a certain aptitude for the written word to start with, better not try.

Any chump can learn to play "chop sticks" on the piano. But the men who become musicians have something else besides technique. Same with the writer. He has a crooked mind, a diseased imagination, a subnormalcy of the intelligence, or what have you—otherwise he'd belong to some paying profession like bricklaying or elevator conducting.

Hell Broke Loose

[Concluded from page 11]

tribution throughout the country. "Springy" then took off again and got a final graphic shot of the Graf as it landed in the semi-darkness at Lakehurst. He then headed back toward Newark.

DARKNESS came on rapidly. Simultaneously a heavy wind rose. And in the next few minutes the plane was driven off its course. The pilot, mistaking a small field near Trenton for the Newark airport, decided to land. He swooped down, cut his motors. Suddenly trees loomed dead ahead in the darkness just as the ship touched the ground. The pilot gave his motor the gun, sought to zoom up over the trees, but it was too late. The plane crashed head-on into the branches at 70 miles per hour.

The landing gear caught on one of the big limbs, and the plane careened over it, stopping upside down, a wreck. And to their amazement, neither Springfield nor the pilot was injured. The pilot was held in his seat by his

safety belt while "Springy's" iron grip on the side of his seat apparently saved him. Both clambered out of the plane, swung along the branches, and dropped eight feet to the ground below.

Springfield's first thought, of course, was his pictures. He started across the field in total darkness to telephone New York they would be late, caught his leg in a barbed-wire fence and ripped a brand new pair of trousers!

A year later, March, 1929, "Springy" contrived the first "flying dark room" ever set up, and developed pictures of the Hoover inaugural ceremonies while flying in a dense fog and sleet-storm from Washington to New York.

IT was a weird experience, "Springy" slid himself in to a space four feet square which he had constructed in the baggage compartment of the plane. He was riding backward and in total darkness except for the dull red glow of the safety light. He could not anticipate turns or banks of the

ship and when the plane hit air pockets he would nearly go through the roof.

Between lurches and splashes, he was soaked from head to foot in the chemical developing solution. But he finished his 18 plates and delivered them in person at Newark airport one hour 50 minutes later.

No other plane had been able to get through from Washington that day. Army and Navy fliers were ordered grounded. Springfield and his pilot flew part of the time at an altitude of less than 300 feet.

In 1933 "Springy" again flew to Cartwright, Labrador, to meet the incoming Italian air squadron led by Gen. Balbo, and flew with the squadron as far as Montreal.

Between times, of course, Acme-N. E. A.'s Philadelphia bureau keeps him plenty busy. Witness such occasions as the Democratic national convention last summer at which Springfield took that coveted shot of Vice-President Garner kissing the hand of Mrs. Earle, wife of the governor of Pennsylvania.

So when the first flash told of what was happening to the Hindenburg, "Springy's" superiors in the New York office knew the right man was on the spot. He would not lose his head.

And he didn't.

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AS WE VIEW IT

Render Unto Journalism

ONE of the things we've never been able to understand about publishers is why so few of them ever leave any portion of their fortunes to the furthering of research in and advancement of the profession and business in which they made those fortunes.

When the disposal of their estates is made known it is found they have established art galleries, bird sanctuaries, foundations of various sorts, fountains, parks and what not. Or perhaps they have made no gesture at all to the public which supported their papers, made possible the building up of their holdings.

Not that we have any quarrel with parks, bird sanctuaries, fountains, art galleries and such. It seems entirely fitting that a publisher's estate should make some recognition of the part the public has played in the building of his paper, that a permanent public memorial of some sort should be set up in his name.

But it does seem that some portion of a great estate—made possible by publishing—might well go toward the advancement of journalism. Perhaps in the establishing of scholarships, perhaps in the founding of a school and the establishing of awards, as was done by the Pulitzer estate.

Some provision might be made to establish research foundations to conduct investigations into various phases of publishing, also to examine and perhaps solve such problems as that of providing an unlimited supply of newsprint at low cost. Institutions, societies, magazines and associations formed and acting in the best interests of journalism might receive endowments.

There are many ways in which a publisher, in providing for the disposition of his estate after death, might make some gesture and substantial contribution to the future of the business or profession in which he was an active and interested participant. If he were interested in the publishing of a newspaper or magazine or books solely for financial reasons, of course, it would be too much to expect that he leave a penny for any such illusionary projects.

We have a feeling that most professional—and, yes, most business men—would like to feel they had made some contribution to a worthwhile cause or organization through which they might continue to be a part of the active scene even after leaving it. Not everyone can leave a large estate like that of Pulitzer or Nieman—but almost any newspaperman might make provision to leave something—a few dollars or a few of his books to some journalistic organization, school or fund.

It seems to us that the proposed Walter Williams Memorial Journalism Foundation offers an opportunity for this participation in the future of which we have been speaking. Contributions to the foundation, we understand, have been lagging. We hope to see this situation corrected, to see the foundation firmly established and performing practical, inspirational and significant services to journalism as a whole. It is a worthy project, conceived in memory of a man who did much to enrich his profession.

The Cost of Crime

WHAT J. Edgar Hoover has to say about law enforcement and the press in this issue of *THE QUILL* should be of interest to every newspaperman. It answers the oft raised question whether newspapers help or hinder law enforcement officials in the performance of their duties.

Mr. Hoover cites instances where the press, in its eagerness to get the story—jumped the gun, as it were, tipped the hand of the special agents and enabled badly-wanted desperadoes to elude pursuit and continue their careers of crime for weeks additional, even months.

There are significant, startling facts and figures as to the price America pays for lawlessness in his article. And we'd like to bring you these additional jolting, jarring facts from another article written by Mr. Hoover. He observes:

"It seems inconceivable that in a country as advanced as America each setting sun should look down upon a daily toll of some 36 lives taken at the hands of the underworld—one such murder being committed every forty minutes. Likewise, it seems inconceivable that in such a nation there were 1,333,526 major crimes committed last year, including 13,242 murders and manslaughters, 7,881 cases of rape, 55,660 cases of robbery, 47,534 cases of aggravated assault, 278,823 burglaries, 716,674 larcenies and 213,712 cases of automobile theft, with an annual crime bill estimated at fifteen billions of dollars—\$28,500 per minute, \$41,040,000 per day. Certainly, with these statistics it seems that the subject of crime should be the greatest matter of study in all America except one—that of the proper methods of law-enforcement by which to combat it."

Crime should mean more to newspapers than banner headlines—and in telling the public the brutal, terrifying facts concerning the price it pays for its apathy toward law enforcement J. Edgar Hoover is doing a job of education that may make even the most sensational papers realize that the crime problem is something more than a circulation getter.

Green Pastures

THE newspaperman in the small city longs for the metropolitan centers—where he could really show his ability, be a spectator of and participant in the big-time parade.

The newspaperman in the metropolitan center longs for the peace and security of a small town—where he wouldn't have to spend a couple hours a day getting to and from work; where he could have a yard, a garden, some trees, some leisure after his working hours. Where he could know folks—where he could have neighbors again.

Each longs for the greener pastures of the other. So it always has been and probably always will be so long as human nature is what it is.

The case of Chet Shafer, the Sage of Three Rivers, Mich., whose activities are chronicled in this issue of *THE QUILL*, should give hope to both the small town and the big city newspaperman.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

fulness of the genus homo reporter—and maybe it's a good hunch to file away somewhere in your memory or subconscious to flash out some time when you're in a similar fix. Let 'er go, Burl.

"Bert Caryl, present INS bureau manager in Boston, was informed that newspapermen would be barred from a certain stockholder's meeting, Caryl cudged his brain for an idea of some way to get around the ouster order for the meeting was full of significance to many investors. Only stockholders or proxies would be allowed admittance, Caryl was advised — stockholders or proxies.

"Caryl was not a stockholder, but it was possible that he could be a proxy. He knew that the managing editor of an INS client paper was a stockholder and that in all likelihood he would be unable to attend the meeting in person. Caryl contacted him and obtained the managing editor's proxy.

"Armed with the necessary credentials, Caryl was permitted to enter the meeting of the stockholders, where they were to decide the fate of the plant of the big Lancaster Mills.

"The debate over the disposal of the plant waxed hot and furious. It made a good news story. Power was finally voted the stockholders to make a sale of the most advantage to the stockholders. Despite the action, however, the stockholders continued to wrangle, holding up adjournment of the meeting. It was getting near press time for the afternoon newspapers on the INS wires:

"To a stockholder who sat next to him, Caryl said:

"Will you please move to adjourn?"

"Do you want the meeting adjourned?"

"Sure, I've got to get this in the papers."

"I move we adjourn." The motion carried.

"Motion to adjourn taking precedence over all other motions, according to parliamentary procedure, the wrangling stockholders suddenly discovered the meeting was over.

"Caryl dashed to a telephone, called his office, and within a few minutes the New England clients of INS began receiving a detailed and exclusive story of what had happened in the important stockholder's meeting."

VALCO LYLE (Georgia '32) has been transferred from the Memphis Bureau, where he has been two and one-half years, to the Atlanta Bureau of the *United Press*, where he is assistant manager.

THE QUILL for May, 1937

A Test for Newspapermen

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- Do you need more spark, new ideas?

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